

there is a single cause in the Court untried, or a judgment in arrears, I contend that the Judges ought to amuse themselves by extraneous labour, holidays, balls, dinners, visitings, and the like, are ideas as treasonable; and if these august persons, as some wag lately called them, should not the discipline I propose for them, they can easily

Yours truly,
SAGITTA.

REVIEW.

Defects, Civil and Military, of the Indian Government.
London: General Sir Charles James Napier,
G.C.B., 1853.

[COMMUNICATED.]

THIS book, in its unfinished state, as it was left by its author, upon whom, as his brother Sir W. F. Napier states, mortal sickness fell just as it was roughly finished, was intended primarily to show how the Governor-General of India had treated the Commander-in-Chief, and rendered it necessary to resign as a dishonourable and avoidable appointment, and sixteen thousand pounds a year; a secondary intention was to expose the circumstances which justified that course, for the sake of which, all important as they are, a recurrence is now made to that spirited and characteristic work—for it is an undisputed announcement of the terrible outbreak and mutiny which has since involved India in the most imminent danger, threatening at once the existence of the British Government, the native army, and the European officers connected with it; the Civil servants of the Company, and all our countrymen, with their children, who may not be able to make good their escape.

The command had been pressed upon Sir C. Napier, in 1849, by the Duke of Wellington, who succeeded in overcoming his reluctance with difficulty, and by stating the alternative, "If you don't go, I must." Napier insisted upon being made a member of the Supreme Council, as all his predecessors had been, and he was obliged to tell Lord John Russell explicitly and peremptorily, that "to India he would not go unless as one of the Council." For "six years," he continued, "I had served in the East with success as a military commander and a civil governor; I had received the appreciation of my Government and the Parliament for victories which the public voice had applauded." The point was conceded to him, not without circumstances well calculated to arouse the feelings of a sensitive soldier; but Sir Charles finally yielded to a sense of public duty; pressed by the Government to hasten his departure, he left England on the very next day, namely, in the night of the 24th March, 1849, reached Alexandria in fourteen days, embarked at Suez on the 11th April, arrived at Calcutta the 6th May, and assumed the command of the armies in India forty-three days after quitting London. This command he resigned on the 2nd July, 1850.

"At Simla," Napier tells us, "my first interview with Lord Dalhousie (the Governor-General) tended to confirm my suspicions that secret hostility was also at work in India. In ten minutes he told me in substance, nay, the words were, 'that in letters from England he had been warned against my endeavouring to encroach upon his power, and had answered—he would take a good care I should not.' This was said in a half laughing manner."

Upon these terms, then, the connection between the Commander-in-Chief and the Governor-General commenced. Men of experience and discernment, not to be surprised at the issue. This is not the first time in the history of Government, whether held in personal or delegated authority, that the meaner vice have outweighed the common good. But we will not enter into these subordinate details of private animosity; our business is with the mutiny that has spread ruin, massacre, and dismay through the provinces of Bengal.

In less than a month after his arrival at Simla, a mutinous spirit arose among some of the native regiments of the Bengal Army; the cause of which was then considered to be the reduction of the allowances made to the Sepoys, who were ordered to the Punjab, as it was no longer considered they were on foreign service after their annexation. On this occasion Sir Charles remarks:

"Official men often think that to issue an order secure its execution. Lord Dalhousie, judging a reduction of the Sepoy's pay a proper measure, ordered it, and thought that sufficient to secure quiet execution. He was mistaken, and his error caused great danger to the State, and ruin to many brave Sepoys! He, indeed, treated this mutiny among the native troops very lightly, after it had been suppressed; but he, and those like him, knew little of Indian interests. The ablest and most experienced civil and military servants of the East India Company consider mutiny as one of the greatest dangers that may come unexpectedly upon India; if the first symptoms be not carefully treated, with a power to shake Leadsham." Whether the mutiny in question was so treated will be seen in the following pages, in which its origin, progress, and suppression, together with the conduct of Lord Dalhousie, are exposed.

We have no mind, hardly any interest, to enter into an investigation of the conduct of these two heads of departments: non est erum tam facile componere res: let us rather examine what Sir Charles calls the origin of the mutiny, which should perhaps more correctly be called its first disclosure, dealing very briefly with its progress, and denouncing altogether the fact of its suppression. Our view of the origin is yet to be initiated.

It is not a little extraordinary that the story of this mutiny opens with a letter from Sir Colin Campbell, who was then commanding the station of Rawul Pindie. Since that time Sir Colin has won his laurels in the Crimea, and is now in command of the East India army. The paragraph we shall proceed to quote testifies to Sir Charles Napier's judgment of that great man, and may fill our minds with hope and confidence that God may bless his efforts for the ultimate security of that golden land, and the protection of our countrymen and women in great peril of their lives from a mutinous and unbridled soldiery.

Sir Colin Campbell's letter reported that:—"The 22nd Native Regiment of Infantry had refused to receive the reduced pay ordered by the Governor-General; and other Native regiments were equally prepared to refuse their pay, but it had not been offered because the treasurer was short of money." "Sir Colin had made an official report of this through the regular channel, but, as the subject was of great importance, sent this private report direct that it might reach me in one, if not two days sooner than it would through the head quarters of the division. This was a serious view to be taken by so able an officer, and very justly did he so regard the matter."

The way in which Napier teaches his reader to regard a mutiny is next to be exhibited. It is well expressed, and conveys its frightful truth in words almost prophetic, and full of warning. We feel compelled to quote it at length.

"The soldiers had displayed no violence towards their officers, they were outwardly respectful. To be sure they were. They knew resistance by many thousands of armed men would force the Government to compliance, without, as they thought, committing themselves, whereas open force would bring the European troops upon them. But let this passive, respectful mutiny be traced to its natural result. Armed men refuse respectfully to receive the pay for which they had enlisted, insisting on a

higher rate. The conduct of the Government is just, the demand of these men unjust. The Government refuses, and the passive, respectful mutiny goes on. But the Sepoy has no capital; he strikes for increase of wages; and meanwhile has no means of living, save the old wage, which he peremptorily refuses to take. How long is this to last? A bazaar is in his camp, arms are in his hands, hunger presses. Let Government give way, and India goes. But armed men will not starve, and the hitherto respectful Sepoy takes food by force, making his weapon his 'bread-earner.' The European officer attempts to maintain discipline; and then the mutineers murder him! Such is the analysis of passive or respectful mutinies; and assuredly that reported by Sir Colin Campbell was the first step towards open, violent action, most dangerous in its nature."

It appears further that Sir Colin Campbell was persuaded that this mutiny was not a sudden impulse; it had been debated amongst the men of the 22nd and 13th for some time, and been the subject of a correspondence between them and the troops stationed at Wuzerabad and other places. Now Wuzerabad, a large station, was fourteen marches from Rawul Pindie, and if the mutineers had communication—it was afterwards proved they had—with the four native regiments there, they must also have communicated with the intermediate stations of Jelum, where were two regiments of Native Infantry, and no European troops. Strong, therefore, was the presumptive proof that eight regiments were mutinous; and thousands more might join in this mutiny, and place the fate of India in jeopardy far beyond any that it has yet sustained.

The movement was put down for a while, and the 13th and 22nd regiments were separated. It was an uneasy affair, but no men could have acted with more coolness than did Sir Walter Gilbert and Sir Colin Campbell. The Commander-in-Chief was evidently conscious of the danger from the first, and treated it as a matter of vital importance to the safety of the State. Indeed it required to be so treated, seeing that all the persons cognizant of the matter, who were most capable of appreciating the danger of such events in India, were deeply alarmed. "Lord Dalhousie has since, with equal disregard of sense and fairness, called the whole a 'Farce.' It would have been a great catastrophe if he only had dealt with it; and was assuredly a deep, lamentable tragedy for the unhappy though guilty 66th Native Regiment, whose proceedings have still to be related."

"The next scene directs our attention to Delhi, the very heart of the present insurrection; but before it opens, we will describe Sir Charles Napier's forerunning arrangement with the Goorka people, natives of the hills, forming the kingdom of Nepal. There were three irregular corps of these men. At the battles on the Sutledge, they displayed such conspicuous gallantry as placed them for courage on a level with our Europeans. They are very low of stature, with short limbs, but with enormous muscles and vast strength; their chests are both broad and deep, inhabited by a spirit of a high military cast; they are fierce in war, of unsurpassed activity, and great powers of enduring fatigue. These hardy soldiers are averse to a dilute to the Sepoys amounting to contempt, whilst they are attached to our troops, and share their liking for strong drink.

Now when the mutinous spirit arose with the Sepoys, the chief leaders were undoubtedly Brahmins, and Brahmins, having a religious as well as a military character, enjoy an immense influence. All the higher Hindoo castes are imbued with gross superstitions. One goes to the devil if he eats this; another if he eats that; a third will not touch his dinner if the shadow of an infidel passes over it; a fourth will not drink water unless it has been drawn by one of his own caste. Thus their religious principles interfere in many strange ways with their military duties. The brave men of the 35th Native Infantry lost caste because they did their duty at Jelalabad; that is, they fought like soldiers, and ate what could be had to sustain their strength for battle."

"When it was made known that the Brahmins were at the head of the insubordinate men of the 13th and 22nd, and that in the former regiment alone there were no less than four hundred and thirty, the necessity of teaching that race they should no longer dictate to the Sepoys and the Government struck me, and my thoughts at once turned for means to the Goorkas, whose motto was, eat, drink, and be merry. Their tenets are unknown to me; it is said they do not like cow-beef, yet a cow would not be long alive with a hungry Goorka battalion; they meet together, these Goorkas, and make few inquiries as to the sex of a beef-steak! These, therefore, were men with which to meet the Brahmins of Bengal, and their blinding prejudices of high caste."

"Hence, when the commanding officer of the Goorka battalion near Simla (where the necessities of life were so dear that the Goorka soldiers with their very small pay could not procure sufficient food) told me his miserable men must desert or starve, I asked Lord Dalhousie to take all the Goorkas into his service, and if they would volunteer for general service, and a paper to that effect being drawn up, a clever young officer of the artillery, Lieutenant Tombs, was selected to read it to the three regiments. Lord Dalhousie approved. Tombs executed his mission, and reported that when the men understood the proposal, and heard the promise of high pay made by the Governor-General to them through the Commander-in-Chief, they volunteered, not merely with alacrity but a joy, evinced, said Tombs, by extraordinary screams of delight, unlike anything he ever before heard. Poor fellows, they were starving, and vehemently hailed the means of sustaining life."

"We may thus set the Brahmin at defiance, if he behaves ill. The Goorka will be faithful, and for low pay can enlist a large body of soldiers, whom our best officers consider equal in courage to European troops. Even as a matter of economy this will be good; but the great advantage of enlisting these hill men will be, that with 30,000 or 40,000 Goorkas, added to 30,000 Europeans, the possession of India will not depend on opinion, but on an army, able with ease to overthrow any combination among Hindoos or Mahomedans, or both together."

"That the project thus fairly drawn out, and immediately practicable, was not resisted to the letter, without an hour's delay, may now indeed be justly, and even bitterly, regretted; but we have made a point of leaving the whole personal question between Sir Charles Napier and Lord Dalhousie to be discussed by others, or upon some other occasion. When we come to speak of the mutiny of the 66th Native Regiment, the reader will perceive how long a period elapsed between the publication of a promise made by the Commander-in-Chief with the sanction of the Governor-General, and the partial fulfilment of that promise under the pressure of urgent danger. We propose to return to the Delhi mutiny, involving at least twenty-four regiments, to inquire into the mysterious origin of their disaffection, and to conclude the whole with Sir C. Napier's judgment on the subject of the hopes of New South Wales."

MODELS OF THE NATIONAL MONUMENT TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

(From the Leader, 15th August.)

THE prizes for the best Wellington Monument Models having this week been awarded, a question of considerable public importance naturally arises: Will any one of the successful designs be accepted by the Government for the national monument to be erected in St. Paul's? We have hitherto abstained from criticising the exhibition, mainly from the belief that none of the models would be chosen, founded on the strong conviction, which seems to be shared by the critics and the public generally, that none of them were at all worthy of the occasion. Considering the amount of partisan feeling excited on the subject, the unanimity that prevails on this point is remarkable. Those who clamoured for the competition as an act of justice, now agree with those who from the first opposed it as useless, that the result is an utter failure. The evidence for such a unanimous judgment must be, as it certainly is, decisive. As you walk down the avenues of models in Westminster Hall, you feel that, notwithstanding the superficial variety of decoration, a dreary monotony reigns throughout. The total absence of anything like simplicity, power, and originality is remarkable. While commonplace ideas, dimly realized and badly expressed, feeble conventional sentiments dissipated to inanity in the attempt at utterance, abound, you look round in vain for any design showing marked strength and concentration either of thought or feeling. The majority of the models are weak, feeble, and ambitious, the authors having vainly laboured to produce an effective whole by the multiplication of insignificant parts. This poverty of thought comes out in a poverty of invention. Some critics, unable to praise the power or beauty of the models, have celebrated their striking monotony, but the remarkable thing, as already noticed, is really their essential sameness. The general idea of a great monument, according to the exhibition, is that of a heavy, shapless mass, covered with light, extravagant, fantastic decoration. The lighter forms of this general type—where the decoration prevails over the mass—are good designs for French clocks; like No. 50, for instance, where the absence of the dial-plate is actually a surprise. The heavier forms, in which the mass is altogether superior to the decoration, look like bombon-boxes or West-end bric-a-bracs; and you soon forget the decoration in the anxiety to know what is inside, a desire partially gratified, in more than one instance, by a latticed door left ajar, through which you get a tantalizing peep of the show. The materials of the decoration are equally monotonous. After the Duke himself, who is, of course, always, or nearly always, present, the chief monumental figures selected by the artists are lions and dancing-girls, intended, perhaps, to typify strength and loveliness, beauty and the beast; but the strength is weakness, and the beauty passes. About eight out of every ten of the designs have one or more lions, and nineteen out of every twenty one or more dancing-girls. But such boasts as the lions are! You search in vain for any trace of the genuine British lion amidst that crowd of weak, pompous, and sentimental brutes, who look more like undertakers' mutes hired for the occasion than anything else. Being incapable of real grief, their faces are pulled into every variety of deceit or distorted grimace, in the vain attempt to represent a becoming hireling sorrow. Take the first ten designs, for example. Eight have lions, of which a specimen will be enough—No. 2. A pair of feeble antiquated beasts, incapable of any feeling stronger than vanity, whose pinched and withered faces are snuffed up into a weak expression of self-importance. No. 3. After the funeral and maudlin drunk. No. 4. Fortunately, has a violent toothache, so that the official grief has a touch of real pain. No. 7. A spasmodic beast, evidently overdoing his part by simulating the last agonies of dissolution. No. 8. A weak, conceited lion, suitable for a small painted rampant on a corner shop in Parliament-street as you go down, that for power of expression beats the whole menagerie of maudlin, affected, massey brutes in Westminster Hall.

But the dancing-girls are far more numerous than the lions, three, five, or seven of them being found on most of the monuments, while many literally swarm with them. They occupy every point and corner, and are represented in every possible attitude—sitting, standing, lying, dancing, sprawling, tumbling, flying. They are dressed in all kinds of costume, and bear in their hands various symbols of triumph, such as the palm and laurel crown. The most common of these symbols, however, is a thick bunchy wreath. So numerous are the girls and the wreaths, that by the time you get to the bottom of the row, you are heartily sick and tired of them, and fully sympathize with the American traveller of whom a story is told in this month's *Blackwood*. The American, having just left Florence, encountered not far from the city an enthusiastic traveller, who looked forward with delight to visiting its celebrated galleries. In reply to his passionate inquiry, "Of course you were in raptures with the 'Venus de Medici'?" the Yankee coolly said, "Well, sir, tell you the truth, I don't care much about those stone gals." The corps de ballet in Westminster Hall are 'stone gals' and nothing more, showing but too plainly in many instances, by their very expression, the class from which they were modelled. A striking instance of this degraded expression is given in design No. 10, which most unaccountably has received a prize—the fourth, of two hundred pounds. Here the Duke, clothed simply in a sheet, is standing between two maidens, designed, no doubt, to typify Fame, Temperance, Constancy, or the like abstractions; but which do in reality represent something very different. The Duke, who has a mild, amiable, rather puzzled expression, is obviously in Machbeth's position when Lucy and Polly Peachum visited him in Newgate, and fully sympathizes in the burden of his song, only the having made his choice, he turns away from the one, and presses steadily the finger-tips of the other, who is about to lead him off in triumph. To prevent all doubt, the expression of the girls' faces fully interprets the situation. While the one who is abandoned gives way to a petulant burst of tearful disappointment, the countenance of the other wears a significant expression of lay triumph and indolent delight. How a design, so deficient not only in beauty and power, but in common good feeling, should have gained a prize, is a mystery. Altogether it is, perhaps, the worst libel and weakest caricature of the Duke in the exhibition, and that is saying a great deal, for he is lampooned in the most ridiculous manner by the rival artists. Not to speak in manner by the rival artists. Not to speak in manner by the rival artists. Not to speak in manner by the rival artists.

matter of dress, and see how ingeniously he is caricatured. The artists have clothed the old soldier in every variety of costume—savage, classic, mediæval, and modern; from the simple blanket of the Red Indian, to the ermine robes of the English peer, classic drapery, however, being rarely preferred, perhaps, as *Punch* wisely suggests, "to show the simplicity of his mind."

The other prize designs, though certainly better than the one we have referred to, are not better than many others that have gained no prize—they are not marked exceptions to the common run, except, perhaps, that on the whole they have fewer maidens and lions than most. Look at the first, No. 80, for example. Here the leading figure is that of a warrior in a helmet, short cloak almost invisible, and sword, with one leg badly modelled and very prominent, crossed over the other. It is appalling to think of what that figure would become on the proposed scale. For the rest, the conception is poor and common enough. Take the second prize, No. 56. This is rather more simple than many others, but shows neither originality nor power. The three great spaces presented to the spectator, which form the mass of the monument, are simply blank space. There is a figure of the Duke, half asleep in a chair, at the top, and the artist, in reality, proceeded upon a firm basis. After Major Broadfoot was killed at Ferozshah, Lawrence was sent for to be Political Agent with the Governor-General, and in that capacity he rendered essential service to Lord Hardinge. When the Regency was established in the Punjab, he was appointed Resident, and he executed that arduous office, under all the difficulties of the transition period, with remarkable ability and wisdom. But ill-health compelled him in 1847 to return to England for a year; and in that period the troubles which resulted in another war commenced. He returned by the Indus to witness the assault on Mooltan, and then to hasten forward to the scene of action in the further valleys of the Punjab.

When victory at Guzerat secured us the country, he, on the 31st of March, 1849, was appointed President of the Board of Administration for the Punjab, and it was as the able Administrator of the newly annexed province that his talents shone conspicuously. At the time when he was his coadjutor, Mr. C. J. Mansel and Mr. John Lawrence, entered upon the difficult task of Government, the different races of the Punjab, from the Basa to the Indus, hated every dynasty except their own, and regarded "the British as the worst because the most powerful of usurpers." And the British could hope to secure no love to their rule by the reduction of taxation, for though the exactions of Ranjeet Singh were sometimes severe, yet what he took with one hand, he did not unfrequently give back with the other. Besides, his rule was suited to the people and martial triumphs and annexed territories were in addition were not wanting; there were the Afereedes and the Wuzerees, the Boodars, and the Eusafzyes, whom an appearance of weakness or an impost unsuited to the character of the half-subject race would have at once called to arms. No less than 100,000 men might have been arrayed by any false move against us, and their passions would have been inflamed by "priest ridden fanatics and bigoted priests." But, owing to the genius of Sir Henry Lawrence and the careful supervision of Lord Dalhousie, no such outbreak occurred and in the words of their first report, "The frontier was guarded, State establishments were organized, violent crimes were repressed, and prison discipline enforced; civil justice was equitably administered, taxation fixed, the revenue collected, commerce set free, agriculture fostered, the national resources developed, and plans for future improvement projected." After some time, in consequence of diversities of opinion between himself, Lord Dalhousie, and Sir John Lawrence, he was removed from the Punjab and placed in Rajpootana. He left his favourite and honourable post without the slightest attempt to excite popular prejudice against those with whom he differed, and he departed amidst the sorrow of all classes of the public servants in his province. For, it was Sir Henry Lawrence's happy talent to be able to stimulate exertion by love and example rather than by fear, and to win the sympathy and the personal regard of all who served under him. In Rajpootana, though out of sight, he was active and laborious, fulfilling his duties not for the sake of applause, but unostentatiously, as a man bent on doing whilst he lived all the good in his power. He identified himself with the chiefs, and we doubt not that his memory will long be preserved by them with honour and veneration. A few months ago he was summoned to Oude, and there the critical and extraordinary circumstances of his position soon called into action his highest powers; and his consummate skill, courage, and fortitude attracted the notice of all India, and marked him out as the foremost man of this country. Had he been spared he would have doubtless lived to see other men again supersede him, and again the reign of routine in England would have sought out for the chief rulers of this land noblemen of high political connections; while he, the worthy successor of Clive, remained neglected.

It is at all times pleasing to have a glimpse of the private relations of a man who in his public character has achieved an eminent position. We love to know all about such men, and what becomes a tribute of respect. The charities of Sir Henry Lawrence were probably more extensive than those of any man in the country, and they were as judicious as unostentatious. He did not shrink from publicity when it was useful for the sake of example, and by this means he succeeded in establishing the Lawrence Asylum for the children of European soldiers. The late Lady Lawrence shared all his benevolence and all his genius.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.

(From the Friend of India, 23rd July.)

VIVID, after the lapse of many years, will be the recollection of the throng of emotions which have during the last few months succeeded each other so rapidly. Long will the memories at Meerut and the gallant defence of Lucknow live in the hearts of the English people, when their power shall once again have become consolidated and a fresh policy shall have led to far different results. Keenly will the memorialist of the second century of Plassey, when he sees himself surrounded by the tokens of western civilization regret and yet admire the untimely death of Sir Henry Lawrence. Gladly will he pay a tribute to the memory of the brave man by whose administration and by whose influence so much has been done for India. For many a year will his name be associated with Lucknow, and long will it be before the natives of India wipe from their race the stain of the blood of the Pacificator of the Punjab, the large hearted, mighty energized Lawrence.

Rarely has it fallen to the lot of any man to lead so eventful a life, and still rarer has a life been spent so entirely unselfishly in the service of the State. In 1842 Political Agent in Afghanistan, and in 1857 Resident in Oude, his career has been glorious throughout. It is seldom that the same man possesses abilities fitted both for the forum and the camp; the calm gravity of the one is thought to be opposed to the dash and boldness of the other; but Sir Henry Lawrence possessed these opposite qualifications and shone as brightly in the Sutledge campaign, in the battle of Soobra, in the action at Chillianwallah, and in the Military defence of Lucknow, as in Afghanistan or the Punjab. The news of his death has been a blow to the heart of all who have been long resident in India, and the news of his fall has ever been told with bated breath and moistened eyes. The English love a brave man, and though they admire administrative capacity, yet military genius and successful or unsuccessful daring elicit noble plaudits. Bitterly, then, will they lament the loss of a man who united in his own person these opposite qualifications, and great will be their anger that two such men as Sir H. Wheeler and Sir Henry Lawrence should have been sacrificed to that dullness which failed to observe that as all the honours were overcast so the storm would be general. And what have we received in exchange? The list of a few probable Hindooes and Mussulmans! But we have no wish to increase that sorrow which must be felt amongst those who rule, as well as amongst those who are bound to obey. If whole hordes of rebels could restore to life the brave men, the fair women, and the tender infants who have been ruthlessly slaughtered, gladly would our brave countrymen at Cawnpore and Delhi offer the sacrifices; but when, weary with killing and satiated with a just retribution unswayed by cruelty, the melancholy truth is forced upon their recollections that all their efforts are unable to rescue the past, they are almost inclined to give up in despair. But the like occurrences may be prevented for the future, and the English empire

in the East, which has ever prospered by resistance, will, when watered by the blood of miscreants who have broken every tie of humanity, grow until its branches overshadow the continent of Asia.

Sir Henry Lawrence first acquired distinction in the Afghan war, which though disastrous in its results was not fruitless in its issue, for it served to develop the talents of many of our officers. The experience he then gained at the Court of Ranjeet Singh enabled him to write "The Adventurer in the Punjab," and thus he proved another example of men of action being also men of thought. For the work still remains the only authentic account of the state of the Punjab during the reign of that astute ruler Ranjeet Singh. Sir Henry Lawrence, in common with all the other politicians who had been employed in Lord Auckland's famous war, was for some time neglected. But at length he was appointed by Lord Hardinge, Resident at Nepal. During this time he wrote several articles for the *Calcutta Review*. In one of them he traced by anticipation the subsequent course of events in the Punjab, and more particularly the then future policy of Goleb Singh with the precision of a man who has learnt to use past events as the right clue to future occurrences. When in appearance he drew only from his prejudices or imagination, he in reality proceeded upon a firm basis. After Major Broadfoot was killed at Ferozshah, Lawrence was sent for to be Political Agent with the Governor-General, and in that capacity he rendered essential service to Lord Hardinge. When the Regency was established in the Punjab, he was appointed Resident, and he executed that arduous office, under all the difficulties of the transition period, with remarkable ability and wisdom. But ill-health compelled him in 1847 to return to England for a year; and in that period the troubles which resulted in another war commenced. He returned by the Indus to witness the assault on Mooltan, and then to hasten forward to the scene of action in the further valleys of the Punjab.

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It is at all times pleasing to have a glimpse of the private relations of a man who in his public character has achieved an eminent position. We love to know all about such men, and what becomes a tribute of respect. The charities of Sir Henry Lawrence were probably more extensive than those of any man in the country, and they were as judicious as unostentatious. He did not shrink from publicity when it was useful for the sake of example, and by this means he succeeded in establishing the Lawrence Asylum for the children of European soldiers. The late Lady Lawrence shared all his benevolence and all his genius.

His article in the *Calcutta Review* on "Woman in India" is descriptive of her character, and the large subscription that was raised for the Lawrence Asylum after her death was the best tribute to her worth.

We might go on to speak of his warm and generous temper, his candid and tender consideration for others, his mingled gentleness and resolution, and the loss his death will be to India. But it is needless. Doubtless the Lawrence Asylum will lose by the death of its founder, but a generous public will take care that this noble institution shall ever remain a testimonial to the munificence of Sir Henry Lawrence. But we hope that in the Capital of India, in Calcutta, some monument will be erected to his worth, and that England herself will do justice to his heroic services and unspotted fame.

The man who effected all this, the philanthropist and the warrior, who secured to us the fruits of conquest, has passed away; mortally wounded in a war against cowards, the

slaughterers of helpless women and children, and now fugitives from the avenging sword of Generals Havelock and Neill. The Commissioner of Oude died on the 4th of July, but not before he had breathed into his little garrison somewhat of his own heroic spirit. Great actions are contagious and gladly would they have died for him—but it was not so to be; henceforth, they will live only for vengeance. A wound in the foot which in a state of more perfect health might probably have been treated with success has proved fatal, and this noble and generous soldier has been taken away amidst universal lamentation. We hope, before the news could have reached him, that the Court of Directors had again passed him over in nominating a military member of the Supreme Council.

Thus has a brave man, one who has ever striven to effect good in his day and generation and whose life will be a bright example to future ages, gone to his rest. Probably he was slaughtered by the hands of those very men with whom he so touchingly expostulated on the 12th of May. Who cannot hear him addressing the traitors who failed him in his hour of need? Who cannot picture him calling to the remembrance of the incipient mutineers their former gallant deeds? As his heart was without guile so he suspected none. Appealing to their better natures he said, "Many like myself have grown grey in your company, have been associated with you from our boyhood, have shared in your campaigns, have participated in all your dangers, privations, and triumphs, in compound, in quarters, from the swamps of Burmah to the snows of Bamean. We are all your friends; our interests are inseparable; if your faces are blackened so are ours; if any dishonour befalls you, do we not suffer?" To the last he believed that the Sepoys had been misled by designing men, and it was not until the last sortie that he could, when he saw his soldiers traitorously joining the ranks of the insurgents, gauge the depravity of the Asiatic. If the Sepoys of the 13th, 49th and 71st possessed one spark of military honour they would now lay down their arms, and by submitting to the death that awaits them, in some measure atone for the heinousness of their guilt.

Full of noble and affectionate feeling, heroic and enthusiastic as a soldier, ardent in his benevolence, unbiased in his liberality, a zealous cordial friend, a man of solid learning, and great experience, with the wisdom of a powerful but simple mind, his history is more worthy of record than that of Sir Thomas Munro or Sir John Malcolm. The eye which has rested upon the lustre of the fame of the statesman or the warrior, which has watched its growing progress and scanned it at its meridian height amid the honours and applause of contemporary devotion, seldom becomes dazzled with its posthumous brightness. But the loss of Sir Henry Lawrence has left us to discover at last what inferior men have poets of higher influence, and how our country suffers from its neglect, under its despicable seniority system, of its noblest, its loftiest, and its most illustrious sons; thus his after-fame will ever be greater than his living renown. It was his light that shed lustre upon the administration, and now that it has been quenched the darkness will be perceptible.

OUR RIVER.

(From the Border Post, 7th November.)

We stated last week that the project upon the Murray, should form the seat of an extensive trade in the construction of steamers and river craft. The practical realisation of this suggestion is by no means so difficult as might at first sight appear, and the building of the first vessel will be the most important result. The arrival of the pioneer steamer at Albury was greeted with considerable enthusiasm, as a demonstration of the navigability of the stream; but, after the lapse of three weeks, the steamer has been made by the people of the Hume River, to turn this valuable discovery to the proper account. Certainly, there has been some talk here of forming a joint-stock company for the purpose of a steamer; but it is not our citizens' own business without feelings of jealousy, the diversion of the traffic to Wahgunyah. Men of enterprise are few amongst us, and men of capital prefer to follow the beaten track, and invest their money in stations or landed property. We have frequently mentioned the splendid returns to be realised by a steam company; and we will now only observe, by way of illustrating this subject, that the *Gundagai* has arrived, after a voyage of twenty-two days, with 345 tons of goods. Owing to the comparatively heavy draught of this vessel, she was not fully laden; yet we have the fact, that this small amount of freight must have yielded, at the present rate of charges, a sum of £2940, in the space of three weeks. Supposing the bulk carriage to pay the expenses of working the vessel, it will be seen that the profit must be something considerable. If the result can be accomplished by the use of such unsuitable vessels as those of the R. M. N. Company, what might not be expected from the employment of steamers on the American principle, and the consequent saving in seven or eight days, and of such slight draught as to be able to ascend the stream all the year round, or nearly so? Five or six thousand pounds would procure such a steamer from any of the American factories; but it should be the work of our citizens to get the vessel built on the spot, and thus form the cradle of a future trade. Coasting vessels and small steamers, the machinery included, have been built in Sydney for many years, and it would be easy to procure the services of competent persons to undertake the task of building our first steamboat. We could not immediately aspire to the construction of the engine, but the localisation of this important workmanship would speedily follow the successful prosecution of the other. Possibly the plan of building vessels on the Murray might not at first prove so economical as that of purchasing them elsewhere; but even if the cost were doubled, it would still be pointed out as the best scheme, if only for the sake of creating and encouraging so important a branch of industry amongst us. Once let it be shown that a steamer can be built, and the public will no longer be shy of investing their money in this kind of property. The heavy profits of the owners would provoke a demand for craft; and the contractor, if successful in his first effort, would receive numerous orders for vessels. In proof of the practicability of building steamers on the Murray, we need only refer to the fact that Mr. Mason has already constructed one small vessel at Dry Creek, near Adelaide; and, if we are not mistaken, Mr. Randall also built one some time ago, and is about to launch another.

We have made enquiries amongst several of our most influential citizens, and we observe a decided inclination to "go into" steamers. Nearly every one questioned expressed a willingness to take shares in any joint-stock company formed under proper management, with the object of building a vessel. The object required would not be large, and the amount of shares could be called in as the work progressed. We commend this subject to the attention of the public, although we must confess that we would far rather see the object accomplished by private enterprise. This is no doubtful speculation, but a safe and profitable investment. Losses might be guarded against by insurance; and it must be remembered that a steamer, even if sunk in a storm, can be recovered and repaired, without involving any great pecuniary sacrifice.

We trust some movement, either private or public, will be made in this matter for some months, and that we should be for ever calling on the bad roads, whilst that splendid natural highway, the Murray, remains neglected and unused. Doubtless, much of the injury of the public is attributable to the unbusiness-like conduct of the Adelaide trade steamboat proprietors, who, not content with "cooking" bills of lading, and loading goods at consignees' wharves, and sailing for their destination, have actually scrupled to send up wool, wheat, and sheep, and have filled up deficient cases of tobacco with sawdust and rubbish. After this, it is but natural that dealers should avoid the Adelaide markets; yet we find that, in spite of unsuitable vessels, mismanagement, and the purchase of inferior goods from consumers, the Murray Navigation Company continues to prosper.

[illegible][illegible]

of the Pitt-street Band of Hope was celebrated on Wednesday evening, by a grand concert, which was held in the large hall of the Temperance Hall, and was adorned with flowers, wild shrubs, and small arched with appropriate mottoes. The assembly was large, the hall and galleries being crowded with persons, and the music was well sustained, which he said it was pleasing to him to assist in the progress of the Band of Hope since its establishment, and also to be able to state that, since that time, the Band of Hope had connected themselves with the Temperance Hall, and that they were now in the midst of the last year's work, and that they were within the average attendance of 500 persons. He much pleasure also in announcing, that the Band of Hope, in future, to be in connection with the Temperance Hall, and that they were now in the midst of the last year's work, and that they were within the average attendance of 500 persons. He much pleasure also in announcing, that the Band of Hope, in future, to be in connection with the Temperance Hall, and that they were now in the midst of the last year's work, and that they were within the average attendance of 500 persons.

of a supply of water; and those sections of the country where their runs are now measured to bring those "back blocks" within the range of civilization. Up to the present, the aboriginal wildest state, the kangaroo, the emu, and the native animals are the sole tenants of a country that, put together, would make a greater colony of New South Wales, and a greater following letter, written to a gentleman at Melbourne, contractor, will throw some light on the problem of sinking them. Some time past I have been thinking that the old man was sinking, by machinery; but what finished is not sufficiently powerful to go down about 77 inches, and that depth occurs on two and four horses ought to be used for the scale of prices would be, as near as possible:

1st hundred feet	£245	68 hundred feet	£100
2nd ditto ditto	32	73 hundred feet	100
3rd ditto ditto	32	78 ditto ditto	100
4th ditto ditto	32	83 ditto ditto	100
5th ditto ditto	32	88 ditto ditto	100
6th ditto ditto	32	93 ditto ditto	100
7th ditto ditto	32	98 ditto ditto	100

This includes tubing and a bore of 7 1/2 inches. I think about the value of machinery, but would rather continue to cover the sinking than sell. You do not state the diameter, as I have there made my calculations, as I think it has been best adapted to the Artesian wells before, etc. I am perfectly satisfied with boring, being an engineer, but have never expended in sinking in any part of the world. It is expended in sinking, and is very dependent upon amount of power applied—whether steam or horse-power is preferable to steam for this purpose, I could not say, as I have never used it, but where there would be many instances have to be used, you before I incur any further expense; for if it were found that the sinking was not possible, your prices should be considered too low.

decline in general value. Coffees are steady and quiet, without any alteration calling for remark. Refined is scarce and in demand; good London make worth 1½d and 1d, in moderate quantities. Rice is very heavy in stock, and until consumption has reduced present quantities on hand, no improved value for this article can be looked for.

Metals are without improvement; exclusive supplies constantly

Timber and building materials are an exception to the general depressions exhibited in most imported goods. Deals are becoming scarce, and, with a brick demand, prices are looking up; a sale of a considerable parcel of white deals has been effected for a sale of week by auction, at \$4.00, for 11 x 8; and blue Senguer slabs have been sold in considerable quantity, at \$14 10 to \$15 for 8 x 10.

We have, via Melbourne, Tasmanian papers to the 4th instant. The following are the latest reports of the markets at Hobart Town and Launceston:

MONROE TOWNS, November 2.—No activity is perceptible in the grain market, which exhibits more signs of dullness than even has prevailed lately.

Wheat has still a downward tendency, and is quoted at 36 1/2 to 36 the best samples: 36 3/4, however, has been given for small lots of superior articles.

Oats also have experienced a decline, and realise now at 35 to 36 per bushel.

Hay is in seasonal demand, and business is still very brisk. Generally speaking, a rotation of new

Cane berries are in demand, but supplies come in very slowly; the best quotations still obtain, 7s. to 8s. per bushel, according to quality.

During the week, and this, in addition to the paucity of the supplies that come in, has caused a further advance, and potatoes are now quoted at £14 10s. to £15 per ton. New potatoes, of which there is no particular abundance just yet, are quoted at £25 to £28 per ton, according to the sample.

Onions, if brought into the market, would realise upwards of £100 per ton.

☞ The flour market continues flat and inactive, and a downward tendency is perceptible. Flour from the best colonial wheat realises not higher than £32 per ton.

sharp continue unvarying, at \$10 to \$12 per ton.

We learn that the cargo of Sydney coals, ex Caroline, has been disposed of privately at 55s per ton.—*P. Advertiser*.

LONDON, November 6.—The flour and grain market is completely stationary at present, except for supplies required for immediate use. Although either a further decline or a considerable advance must take place during the present month, there are no speculators prepared to purchase, nor any holders well

it what they consider a great sacrifice, \$18 per ton. Purchase of parcels could be effected at \$18 10s to \$19, and the millers have reduced their quotations to \$20. Wheat is quoted at \$5 6d to 8s, Bran is 6d per bushel. Potatoes are the only article of produce in great demand, and in consequence of the direct export from Port Frederick to Victoria, our market has been left completely bare to them. They are now in demand at \$18 per ton.—*Cornwall Chronicle.*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.—There are in all courts persons who, without wit and without distinguished birth, without patrons, or service rendered, pierce into the intimacy of the most brilliant, and succeed at last. I know not how, in forcing the world to look upon them as somebody. Such a person was Cayove. Rising from nothing, he became Grand Maréchal des Logis in the Royal household: he arrived at that office by a

perfect romance. He was one of the best-made men in France, and was much in favour with the ladies. He first appeared at the court at a time when much duelling was taking place, in spite of the edicts. Cayove, brave and skilful, acquired so much reputation in this particular, that the name of "Brave Cayove" has stuck to him ever since. An ugly, but very good creature, Mademoiselle de Coetlogon, one of the

Queen's waiting-women, fell in love with him, even to madness. She made all the advances; but Cayove treated her so cruelly, nay, sometimes so brutally, that, (wonderfully to say) everybody pitied her, and the King at last interfered, and commanded him to be more humane. Cayove went to the army; the poor Cost-logon was in tears until his return. In the winter, for being second in a duel, he was sent to the Bastille.

Then the grief of Coetlognon knew no bounds: she threw aside all ornaments, and clad herself as meanly as possible; she begged the king to grant Cayove his liberty, and, upon the King's refusing, quarrelled with him violently, and when in return he laughed at her, became so furious that she would have used her nails had he not been too wise to expose himself to them. Then she refused to attend to her duties, would not

served the King, saying that he did not deserve it, and grew so yellow and ill that at last she was allowed to visit her lover at the Bastille. When he was liberated her joy was extreme. She decked herself out anon; but it was with difficulty that she consented to be reconciled to the King. Carvoye had many times been promised an appointment, but had never received one such as he wished. The office of Grand Marshal was

Legis had just become vacant: the King offered it to Cayove, but on condition that he should marry Mademoiselle Coellogon. Cayove sniffed a little longer, but was obliged to submit to this condition at last. They were married, and she had still the same admiration for him, and it is sometimes fine fun to see the caresses she gives him before all the world, and the constrained gravity with which he receives them.

CHINESE INSECT COLLECTORS.—The children in the different villages were found of the greatest use in assisting me to form these collections, and the common

upper coin of the country is well adapted for such purposes. One hundred of this coin is only worth about fourpence-halfpenny of our money, and goes a long way with the little urchins. A circumstance connected with transactions of this kind occurred one day, which appears so laughable that I must relate it. As I went out on my daily rambles I told all the little fellows I met that I would return in the evening to the

place where my boat was moored, and, if they brought me any rare insects there, I would pay them for them. In the evening, when I returned and caught a glimpse of my boat, I was surprised to see the banks of the stream crowded with a multitude of people of all ages and sexes—old women and young ones, men and boys, and infants in arms were huddled together upon the bank, and apparently waiting for my return. At first

I was afraid something of a serious nature had happened, but as I came nearer I observed them laughing and talking good-humouredly, and guessed from this that nothing had gone wrong. Some had baskets, others wooden basins, others, again, hollow bamboo tubes, and the vessels they carried were as various in appearance as the moiety group which now stood before me. "Ma jung! ma jung!" (buy insects!)

buy insects?) was now shouted out to me by a hundred voices, and I saw the whole matter clearly explained. It was the old story, "I was collecting insects for medicine," and they had come to sell them by ounce or pound. I had unintentionally raised the population of the adjoining villages about my ears; but, having done so, I determined to take matters as coolly as possible, and endeavour either to amuse or pacify the

mob. On examining the various baskets and other vessels which were eagerly opened for my inspection, what a sight was presented to my view! Butterflies, beetles, dragon-flies, bees—legs, wings, scales, antennæ—all broken and mixed up in wild confusion. I endeavoured to explain to the good people that my objects were quite misunderstood, and that such masses of broken insects were utterly useless to me. "What

did it signify; they were only for medicine, and would have to be broken up at any rate." What with joking and reasoning with them, I got out of the business pretty well. As in all cases I found the women most clamorous and most difficult to deal with, but by showing some liberality in my donations of cash to the old women and very young children I gradually rose to the top of the crowd, and at last, it being nearly dark,

RATHER MALAPROPOS.—I have nothing more to tell you but a *notice* of my Lady Coventry; the King asked her if she was not sorry that there are so many *quarrels* this year,—(for you must know we have sacrificed them to the ides earthquake),—she said, no, she was not, she was surprised, with

she was tired, or intent, or kind, or otherwise, and her eyes were full of
sighs; there was but one left that she wanted to see
—and that was a coronation! The old man told it
himself at supper to his family with a great deal of
good-humour.—*Letters of Horace Walpole, Vol. III.*

THE ETCHINGS OF GEORGE CRUELIHANS.—If you
ever happen to meet with the two volumes of "Grimm's
German Stories," which were illustrated by him long

ago, pounce upon them instantly; the etching in them are the finest things, next to Rembrandt's, that as far as I know, have been done since etching was invented. You cannot look at them too much, nor copy them too often. All his works are very valuable, though disagreeable when they touch on the worst vulgarities of modern life; and often much spoiled by a curiously mistaken type of face divided so as to give

too much to the mouth and eyes and leave too little for forehead, the eyes being set about two-thirds up, instead of at half the height of the head. But his manner of work is always right; and his tragic power, though rarely developed, and warped by habits of caricature, is, in reality, as great as his grotesque power.

—*Ruskin's Elements of Drawing.*

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